Of that ſweet way I was in, to diſpaire:
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes ſlave, ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That power I have, diſcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow
For I have none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exeu.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends, upon this Coaſt.
Nor. The news is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
Yor. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard*: alacke the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.
Nor. Your Grace miſtakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I this Title out.
Yor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene ſo briefe with him, he would
Have beene ſo briefe with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head; your whole heads length.

Bul.

Bul. Miſtake not (Vncle) farthe
Yor. Take not (good Coſin) far
Leaſt you miſtake, the heavens a
Bul. I know it (Vncle) and opp
Againſt their will. But who com

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not
Per. The Caſtle royally is man
Againſt thy entrance.
Bul. Royally? Why, it contayn
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Ric*
Within the limits of yond Lime ar
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, I
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Cle
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot
Nor. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop
Bul. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that an
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend th
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his kn
King *Richards* hand, and ſends all
And true fayth of heart to his roya
Even at his feete, to lay my arme
Provided, that my Baniſhment r
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be fre
If not, ile uſe th'advantage of my
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſh
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaug
The which, how farre off from the
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhoul
The freſh greene Lap of faire King
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſ
Goe ſignifie as much, while here w
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this pl
Let's march without the noyſe of t
That from this Caſtels tatter'd Ba

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